Orleans County Monitor, PUBLISHED WREELY BY

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What's the use of closing the saloons on Sunday? The police won't go to church Overcoats and Ulsters. anyhow. If the saloons are open on Sun-SPECIAL BARGAINS IN when they want a policeman.

Suits. Odd Pants and mother thought he was too young to wear to go without pockets if he only could wear something that had legs."

man writes: "We are perfectly free from scab, and expect to do a big business.' he does not state whether he intends to shear himself this season or not.

ngs, and the doctors are very much | question with some acrimony. puzzled." Pshaw! Having no lungs he can't draw his last breath, and until a man breathes his last breath he is bound to live. Give us a hard one. "What is the first thing you would

do, Jones, if you were stung by a hornet?" asked Smith, who had been reading an article on the treatment of stings. "Howl," replied Jones, solemnly. And the conversation abruptly ended.

"What is the origin of motion?" asked a celebrated preacher Well, there are many origins. A call to come up and have a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in a second, and a spider down a gtrl's back is the origin of some of the liveliest

"I'm a poor, husbandless woman," she wailed at the door of the Widow's Home. and was taken in and cared for over night. The next morning the matron called her into the office. "You have no husband?" she inquired tenderly. "No, madam," was the reply, in a tear-stained voice. 'When did you lose him?" "Last week." "Only so recently? How sad! What was the matter?" "He was poor, and wanted me to live in two rooms on a back street. aud I refused him." "Then you are not a widow?" said the matron indignantly. woman, an old maid, if you wish to call it by so harsh a name." The matron

EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS. Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. Kings New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consump

The girls are planning to get a beau; They dress for party, ball and show; And the old folks tell us it wasn't so When they were young and used to go. But the difference is really not more nor less Than a little change in the style of dress; And human nature itself, you see, Is just the same as it used to be. couldn't help it at first." After the verse and prayer were said,

The old folks sent the boys to bed; And they lie as still as though they were dead, Till daddy goes off to his dreams instead, Then down the back stairs so sly and slow, The boys on tiptoe noiselessly go; And the old man laughs in the morning to see It's just the same as it used to be.

The good old maids are waiting yet; Over love-affairs they froth and tret; Of girls they never saw such a set; Evey one is a silly coquette. But if backward something like torty years They would carry their meddlesome eyes and ears, In flirts and freaks of their own they'd see It's just the same as it used to be, Of course, for the aged 'tis right to hold The years they were happy the best that rolled; But the truth is plain and ought to be told, That the world grows better in growing old: And only love, in its show and flame, Is ever changing, and yet the same-Freaks of fashion and change you see,

Just the Same.

But it's just the same as it used to be. Unanimous Tastes.

"We all like sheep," the tenors shrill Begin, and then the church is still; While back and forth across the aisle

Is seen to pass the "catching" smile. "We all like sheep," the altos moan, In low and rich and mellow tone; While broader grows the merry grin, And nose gets further off from chin. "We all like sheep," sopranos sing,

Till all the echoes wake and ring. The young folks titter, and the rest Suppress the laugh in bursting chest. "We all like sheep," the bassos growl. The titter grows into a howl, And e'en the deacon's face is graced

With wonder at the singers' taste. "We all like sheep," runs the refrain, And then, to make the meaning plain, The singers all together say "We all, like sheep, have gone astray.

A Texas steer-go there and grow up with the country.

Women are sextons in churches in Berlin. Fair sex-tons of course. Bucket shop dealers in Syracuse, N. Y., have failed because they are without the pale of credit.

If the world, as it is said, owes everybody a living, the world ought to get a mortgage on itself to pay its debts. Professor, to student-"What import-

ant change came over Burns in the latter part of his life?" Student-"He died." Out in Michigan a man was fined fifteen dollars for hitting an editor. If he had killed bim it would probably have been

as much as twenty-five dollars. "I consider him a bold arrogant man." "Yes, I know he is now, but he won't be very long." "And why not, I should like to know?" "He is to be married next The Sandwich Islands are for sale for

\$14,500,000. The property consists of two sugar houses, one extluct volcano and 700 cases of leprosy, all in middling "I can give you a cold bite," said the

woman. "Why not warm it up?" asked the tramp. "There ain't any wood sawed." "That so? Well, give it to me cold

One lady said to another: "Have you been to church to-day? We had a most beautiful sermon on training children." "No. I was at home, doing it," was the

A poor young man and his young wife get along very well with their economy until the dry goods stores begin to spread all over the newspapers. Then there's

A Norristown woman mistook the chess diagrams in a New York daily paper for a crazy-quilt pattern, and has built one of those horrors therefrom which is the en-

day, the people know right where to go her from the big-horned enemy with He was a persistent little boy, whose

crousers, that said, "he would be willing An enthusiastic Western Texas sheep

"Now," said a New York photographer, | toe in Greenough's woods?" chucking the gloomy man under the chin, try and look as if you were sure your candidate would be elected." "It's no use to try and do that. I've bet my mon-

"A man in New York lives without

why I should be poked into a corner

motion the world ever saw. and you're so young, you know." 'No. madam; only a poor, husbandless | Aileen. bounced her out in five bounces down the

tion free at H. C. Pierce's.

Waiting and Winning.

It don't matter so much now, barn, and get Pomp to build us up a little group came in. "Where have grandma," said Aileen, drying the tears that had sparkled on her cheeks like dewdrops on a rose. "Of course

"But what is the matter, my pet," said old Mrs. Harrington, soothing-

the deep embrasure of the window where the winter sunset was strained through in deep hues of crimson and amber, crying bitterly

The Harrington family were ambitious people. They had come to Virginia and purchased, at a merely nominal price, the fine old mansion that had once belonged to a luxurious planter, long since dead. Mr. Harrington who had been contented to raise humble corn and pumpkins in the valley of the Connecticut River, now devoted himself to the more ar-

istocratic crop of tobacco. Mrs. Harrington, who had been a notable yankee housekeeper, hired two negro women to do the housework, and cultivated society; and the three Misses Harrington forgot the days of factory work and honest district school teaching in the gentilities of "Valley Lawn."

The old lady alone remained true to her colors.

"All this is very fine," said she, by it. Dan'l losin' money, as true the house. as you're born !"

"Humph!" said the old lady. And when Aileen, the orphan cousin came down from the New Enland hills, grandma was the only one

said her daughter-in-law, tart

who really welcomed her. "There are three of us already," said Selina Harrington, grudgingly. "Why couldn't she have been a boy, so as to help pa with the plan-

tation?" said Norma. "What do we want of any more girls?" sighed Juanita, whose baptismal name had been Judith.

"Ain't no use growlin' about it," said "Pa," who could not be made an elegant gentleman, let the family varnish and veneer as they please. "Here she is, and here she's got to stay. I don't want her no more'n you do; but she ain't got no friends to go to, so what you goin' to do

about it?" Aileen was pretty too, in her shy, wild-daisy way, with big blue-black eyes, reddish-brown hair, and a rich Titanesque complexion. The Misses Harrington were not pretty. This was another objection, although it was generally discussed, and Aileen soon knew by instruct, that the old grandmother was her only friend in

all the big, dreary house. The third matter of offense cropped out on All Hallow Een, when Aileen went out into the woods to gather hickory nuts to burn in the fireside

Perhaps it was not her fault that Mr. Doller's vicious bull jumped through the tumble-down fence and frightened her nearly out of her wits; and she was doubtless not personally responsible for the fact that Dulany chanced to be passing, and rescued

prompt gallantry. "He was so very kind!" said Ai leen, wistfully. "Do you think, grandma, that I ought to tell my aunt and the girls that he walks with me when I go to the post-office? or that he gave me them beautiful, deepblue asters that they thought I found in the copse? or that it was he who discovered the big bunch of mistle-

"Well, not unless they ask you?" said old Mrs. Harrington, shrugging her shoulders.

For she had heard her three granddaughters discussing the Dulany

"I'm the eldest," Selina had said, tartly, "and I ought to have the first chance. If any of us is to call with ma at Dulany Beech'es, it shall be

"You always were a selfish thing!" said Norma. "Captain Dulany's mother has a large library, and you know very well that I'm literary." "I'm the youngest, and I don't see

always." pouted Juanita-Judith. But Selina by strength of years and tongue, had carried her point. So when New Year's day approached, and Aileen consulted Mrs.

Harrington as to what she should wear, that matron opened her large, light eyes with counterfeit amaze-"You, child?" said she. "Why you are not to come at all! The girls don't want a whole drove in the par-Three women are quite enough,

"I'm seventeen, aunt!" faltered "Two or three years hence will do very well for you," said the relentless elder. "Try and put such silly notions out of your head!"

And this was why Aileen was crying. Old Mrs. Harrington understood it

all very well. She had been young

once. She saw the folly of interference in this particular case, however. "Dan'i's wife likes her own way," said she. "She ain't pleasant if she

to the big chamber over the stun

real good fire of pine logs in the old you been all day, Aileen?" chimney. There is a carpet loom there and a spinnin'-wheel and all learning to spin," said Aileen, laughit is very silly for me to ery, but I the fixin's and I'll show you how I ing and coloring. Juanita looked sharply at her. used to spin flax when I was a gal,

and weave rag carpet. ing up. "Oh, grandma, how very looked at Captain Adrian's bright She had found Aileen coiled up in kind you are! and can I roast chest- face. nuts and apples' in the ashes?-and will you tell me about your sailor young officer, tenderly removing the heavy shawl from Aileen's shoulders. lover that was drowned before you ever saw my Grandfather Harring- "She has promised to be my wife be-

"Yes," said the old lady-"yes! We'll hev our New Year's by our-

selves-me and you, child." So Aileen put away the pretty, litdonned instead the brown Merrimac calico that made her look like a robin that her three cousins were quarrel- doing this evening." ing for the possession of the biggest dressing-glass to do their hair, she and her grandmother were adjusting | sky, Aileen whispered: the ancient spinning-wheel in the stone-barn chamber, and piling wood Day-the happiest I have ever in the cavernous recess of the huge known!"-Exchange.

They had a very pleasant New Year's day, after all, though the tears came to Aileen's blue eyes once or twice, when the carriages rolled "but I don't see what is to be gained by over the hard frozen road toward

And at dusk she lighted the cheer-"Money isn't everything, grand- | ful candles, and sat down to prepare grandma's supper with fresh corncakes baked into the hot embers, according to the receipt of aunt Felicia, the colored cook, fragrant coffee, and sweet apples roasted and eaten with cream.

But Captain Dulany, riding his Morgan horse, Hotspur, through the pine-woods, drew rein close by the old stone barn, whence he had not seen the red lights beaming out for

"What can it be?" he asked him-

"We children used to play at ghost up there of an autumn evening, when the Valdimir family lived there. Or perhaps the careless servants have set something on fire."

He jumped off his horse, flung the reins over a projecting pine-bough, and went in to see what the meaning of this unwonted illumination might are so happy?" The door stood wide open-the

whole room was aglow with a warm ruddy light. Grandma, enthroned in a big splint chair before the blaze, was drinking her coffee, and Aileen sat spinning at the old wheel, with cheeks softly reddened and blue eyes sparkling—a very picture of health | troubles ahead. I ain't got anything and beauty. Both started at the sudden appari-

tion of the captain on the threshold. "I-I beg your pardon!" said captain Dulany, lifting his hat. "I saw the light shining out, and I was afraid so mething had happened." "Something has happened," said

Aileen, laughingly, "I have learned to spin. And grandma and I are having a pienic. Will you come in, Captain Dulany?"

"Well, since your coffee smells so good, I think I will," said the gallant young officer.

His cup-which for lack of more expensive china happened to be mug-was scarcely poured out, before their numbers were augmented by Mr. Ferrars and young Doctor Fenchurd, who had seen the lights, and had also observed "Hotspur" fastened to the fence.

"May we venture to intrude?" said they, peeping in over the stair-

"Oh, certainly!" said grandma, smiling. And Aileen distributed handleless cups and bountiful slices of goldenbrown corn-cake, yet steaming from

the fire, to her guests. "We are hardly prepared to entertain so large a company," said she, composedly; but we can, at all events give you a sincere welcome."

Two-three-half a dozen more dropped in. Old Pomp was summoned to pour fresh pine-cones on the blaze and bring more coffee and corn-

He grinned from ear to ear. "Pow'ful like the good old times," said he to Aunt Felicia, when he returned to his cabin. "De berry cream ob de gentry enjoyin' de corn-bones an' coffee like dey was our own old marse's folks. Ain't nufflin' like corn-bone for rale good flavor, dat they ain't. An' de pretty young lady from de Norf, she's as pretty as a peach. Reckon de captain finks

so, too. He, he, he!" And Old Pomp shook his sides

with an inaudible chuckle of glee. Later in the evening the gentlemen went up to the house, where stood the three Misses Harrington in a simpering row.

But their call there was insipid, and

several of them returned to the Stone-

barn to finish their evening. Adrian Dulany remained the latest of all-so late, in fact, that it was he who escorted grandma, who had discreetly fallen asleep in her big chair some time ago-and Aileen to the house, under whispering pineboughs, by the light of the big round

The three cousins, whose list of thinks any one is meddlin'. I'll tell calls had long since ended, were N. Y., lady. 100 doses One Dollar.

what Aileen-you and I will go out | yawning in the parlor. "Dear me!" cried Selina, as the

"In the old stone-barn chamber,

What change had subtly crept over "Will you?" said Aileen brighten- her voice and manner? Then she "Take good care of her," said the

> fore a great many weeks." It was not until Dulany had gone that the full cannonade of questions

burst on Aileen's devoted head. "Girls, girls, don't all speak at tle, blue merino gown that she had once," said grandma. "It's just exretrimmed for New Year's day, and actly as I've told you. The right one will be sure to come along if you sit in the chimney-corner and wait. redbreast; and just about the time And that was just what Aileen was

And that night, when the frostwhite stars of midnight climbed the

"Good-bye, sweet New Year's

HAPPY NANCY—THE TRUE SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary old woman. She tended a little garden, and knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere in the village by the cognomen of happy Nancy. She had no money, no family, no relation she was half-blind, quite lame and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set His royal seal. "Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say as he

lounged at the door. "La! yes, I'm forever at it. don't know what people will think,' she would say, with a sunny smile. "Why, they'll think as they always do, that you are very happy.' "La! well, that's a fact. I'm

just as happy as the day is long." "I wish you'd tell me your secret. Nancy, you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing pleasant around you-what is the reason you

"Perhaps it's because I havn't got anybody but God," replied the good creature looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they are always mighty afraid of to trouble myself about, you see, cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars make the garden things come up the same, season after season. He can sartainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see. I leave it all to the Lord, and

the Lord takes care of me." "Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are in blossom, and your little plants

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people so unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now why don't you wait until the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to Heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out." "There, you are at it again," said

Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arms' length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demons of care, of distrust, of melancholy forebodings, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters, till we assimulate their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy. It would be better for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you you see a cloud. don't suppose it is going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do what your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more childlike toward the great Father who created you; learn to confide in his wisdom, and not in your own; and, above all, "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden, if you would give no place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the remedy for the bab t is free from laudanum. Price only 25 cents. For hogs Day's Horse Powder is a necessity; ures swelled necks and ulcers in the lungs. The sympathy between the stomach and brain i shown in the headache resulting from indigestion, Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills cures such headache.

When the clergyman remarked there would be a nave in the church the society was building, an old lady whispered that she knew the party

to whom he referred. "For economy and comfort, every spring, we use Hood's Sarsaparilla," writes an intelligent Buffalo, | like Sulphur Bitters? I think so, as they cured me

FLORIDA LETTER.

Sanford, Fla., Feb. 1st. Dear Monitor,-Notwithstanding speak generally, laugh at the goose. the hard freeze which has ruined Their demeanor under provocation, South Florida's orange crop, she has or in circumstances of alarm, is exreceived a benefit thereby. My ceptionally ludicrous, and suggestive, northern friends may wonder how it must be confessed, of an originalithis can be, looking upon the crop | ty that verges on eccentricity, and as the "fruits of hard labor," and might even be called senseless. The the only rebate for labor spent, and, noises they make are very comical, entertaining an idea that the trees and the gesturss a mixture of lofty (which some Southern correspon- pride and undignified anxiety, most dents claim have been killed) are delightfully absurd. Men have died tender shrubs. This idea should be of laughing at spectacles not half so done away with, for the orange tree funny-as, for instance, that disasis a hardy specimen of culture, and trous cachination of the venerable can stand a great deal of cold. The Greek on seeing a donkey eat figs off present bearing groves of South a plate. An English marquis narrow-Florida which are fifteen years at the | ly escaped with life from an immodoldest, had not been tested as re- erate fit of laughter, when a friend gards the amount of cold weather | filliped crumbs of bread into the face that they could stand, and now that of a blind fiddler. The humor of a a freeze has been, and left the trees goose, however, is of a far finer kind, unhurt, growers are better able to for it is in the vain struggle of the judge in what climate the orange creature to combine impurtable dignimay best flourish, and whethr the ty with precipitate alarm to cover its. frequent and profuse use of chemical | retreat by the assumption of pompous fertilizers helps the tree and its fruit, airs that the fun of the bird lies. The in case of a cold snap like the one Old Guard dies, but never surrenders we have just experienced. In my | -but on this occasion only runs travels through a section of 25 miles of the most successful orange grow- for it is too fat; yet it pretends it ing region in the state, I have found | could if it chose, but despises rapidigrowers cultivating with muck, and ty, and scorns to do more than to from muck gradually up to the high- waddle away moderately. All thisest and most powerful grade of fer- give it an appearance of foolishness, tilizers, and, too, I have gathered which popular fancy has made much various opinions as regards the of, and "the grave, unwieldy inmates different uses and kinds of fertiliz- of the village pond" have passed into ing material. Most invariably I find a proverb of silliness. Yet those that the simple agent found in muck | who have studied the bird give it a (with some few ingredients added) far different character. In a wild is better than any chemical combination used. Rich fertilizing material forces the tree in its growth and and a shrewd regard for its personal causes it to bear early, but it also drives the sap into the tree so that safety that are not to be easily in case of a freeze the trees are liable to be injured, and the oranges killed. This freeze has, therefore, aided men to decide what means to use for stimulating their groves. This section is all right, as I have stated, save the loss of its fruit, and men are about to plant groves as if nothing had happened. South Florida is destined to become the fruitraising portion of America. Fruits which are early for northern produc-

season of the year are ripe and in New York city bring \$2 and \$3 per quart. Pineapples and tropical fruits of all kinds find a ready sale, and bring a good profit to the producer. One thing before I close which I wish to speak of, and that is, I find many northern men coming here expecting to purchase land for from \$2 to \$5 per acre. Now such land can be purchased, but the better way to do is to buy land at lines. a fair price, near facilities for transportation, set your trees and rear your groves yourself. It requires constant study and hard work but Vermont grit has succeeded here, and what one man can do under ordinary circumstances, another ought to accomplish. In another letter which I shall send, I will give you some facts pertaining to the planting and cultivation of orange trees, with figures showing what

some men have accomplished. Sincerely, A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT

TIMES. One would hardly think of looking into Plutarch for a tender romance. In his account of the campaign of

Vespasian in Gaul occurs the follow-Epponia, a lady of rare beauty and accomolishments, and of noble birth, being informed that her husband, Sabius, a Roman, who had bitterly opposed the Emperor, had been beaten by the troops of Vespasian, and that he was lying concealed in a deep cave between Champagne and Franche Comte, sought him out and made herself a voluntary prison er with him. And there in that cave they lived for many years. A price was upon Sabius' head, and his discovery would have been instant death. In that deep cave children were born to the devoted twain, and there a devoted wife performed al the offices of a menial, never tiring of caring for and protecting her beloved husband. At length, however, the retreat of the fugitives was discovered, and both Sabius and his wife were taken and conveyed before the Emperor Vespasian, who listened to the story of Epponia with aston-

"How had you, a weak woman, the courage and fortitude necessary to such a sacrifice?" he asked.

"Sir," answered the noble matron and wife, standing erect and looking into the Emperor's face, "I have lived underground and in the darkness much happier than you have on the summit of power, and in the broad light of the sun. And though you should order us now to the block of the executioner, you cannot rob us

of those years of repose.' Sabius looked to see the Emperor's face grow dark, and to hear the words of doom from his lips, but instead, the noble wife was freely pardoned, and then, turning to her husband, Vaspasian added that he would rather seek to render the evening of his life comfortable, than to add another pain. He would do that for his wife's sake, if for no other.

WHAT IS THE USE Of buying worthless medicines, and spending money on quack doctors whose only idea is to guil the public. Is it not better to buy reliable medicine of Catarrh after suffering three years.

HUMOR OF THE GOOSE.

Somehow or another, people, to away. It knows it cannot move fast, state it is of very exceptional intelligence, and when domesticated is still remarkable for a singular vigilance

EDISON'S LATEST WONDER. Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, has resumed work on the phonograph and is now engaged in perfecting it. so that he can bring it into every day use, as is the telephone. Mr. Edison has not given the phonograph any attention since 1868, when he wholly gave himself up to making his electric-light invention successful. ers, always commanding high prices, He is now building a phonograph can be raised here and very successwith a five-foot wheel, to be driven fully, too. Strawberries at this by steam. The sound will be transferred from the phonograph to a wheel 40 times its diameter, the sound being thus amplified 40 times louder than the human voice. It will have a funnel 30 feet long. If placed on top of a building, Mr. Edison claims that a person standing two blocks away will be able to hear it talk plainly. He has also got so far as to make the machine say "Ah!" distinctly by means of many wave

Mr. Edison said on Saturday: 'After I get this machine perfect I will construct phonographs for office use to take the place of stenographers and type-writers. All you will have to do will be to hand it to the office boy, who, by touching a spring can make it repeat or talk back all that you have said to it and transcribe at will. Then, again, you can have one at home, and when a thought strikes you all that is necessary is to talk it at the machine, and you have it boxed up for next day. I have no doubt but that it will be a great success."

"Have I ever been to Yurrup!" exclaimed the middle-aged and baldheaded passenger; "should say I had. Half a dozen times. Like it? Rather. 'Taint so much Yurrup I care for as the ocean voyages. How I do love those ocean trips, though !" "Don't get seasick?" "Seasick? I should say I did. Why, I just lie in my berth five days out of eight and hope the infernal ship will sink in ten miles of water. There seems to be a whole slaughter-house inside of me. I feel like a sick egg. But I enjoy it all the same, you bet. "Enjoy a voyage under such circumstances? How do you make that out?" "Well, you see, my wife she's along with me. She gets sick too-sicker'n I do. In fact, she gets so awful sick that she can't talk till after we've anchored on the other side, and if I were to try for a week I couldn't tell you what blessed days of relief they are to me."

"Pa," said Bobby, who had been allowed to sit up a little while after supper with the distinct understanding that he was to ask no foolish questions. "Pa, can God do every-

thing?" "Yes," "Can he make a two-foot rule with only one end to it?"

"One more question like that," said the old man, "and you will be packed off to bed." Bobby nodded sleepily for ten minutes and then asked: "Pa, can a

camel go seven days without water?" "Yes." "Well, how many days could be go if he had water?" The next thing Bobby knew he

was in bed. VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY. Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles Electric Bitters.

and is so much improved, that she is able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimononials attest their great curative powers. Only 50 ets a bottle at H. C.

